

The Greeks Aren't Big On Butt Stench!

Chapter -14-

THE OFFENSE

NEWSLETTER

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH

September 18, 1987



Nudge Squidfish comes heavily to the fore with two tapes, "Do Warriors Carry Flowers? You Set Your Love", making him up and "I'm Cocky For Love". The creativity to ten or fifteen by now. The creativity hasn't been blunted yet; it don't matter if Nudge is soul searching, rocking, or even making like New Order (well, one or two cuts, maybe!) -- you're still talking about something worth checking out. The fan club is based at P.O. Box 644, Westerville, Ohio 43081.

The Old Age/No Age release of the cassette featuring Tommy Jay, best known as True Believers' drummer but obviously a man of many hidden talents. The songs come co-written by fellow TB's The General, the aforementioned Nudge, and Amrep himself and extend through the period 1975-1987, so it's quite a treasure chest that's been built up and ready for anyone so inclined. Yet another P.O. Box, this one numbered 186, followed by Harrisburg, Ohio and 43126.

Around January 1987 I began to employ midi pre-production to my songs. I used a Yamaha QX-21

sequencer then midi connected it to a Alesis drum machine and a Casio 101-CZ synth Keyboard. The system I developed allowed me to squeeze 8 stereo tracks out of the midi sequencer for drums, bass and rhythm. Then I would stereo output the signal into the teac 144 and could ping pong as needed to fill out the song. I became very adapt at milking over dubs. The only problem was that I had to lay down the lead vocal on the last track. So I started to use 2 (4 track) decks and began to ping pong back and forth. This allow me to build up the music side for the vocals. This was my new approach for **2000 AD** (Late 1986), **"Do Warriors Carry Flowers?"** (1987) and **"I'm Cocky For Love"** (1987) cassettes. The 1st version of **"Warriors"** had 14 songs but the 2rd version only had 12. Moreover, only two songs from the 1st version made it onto the 2rd version. The 2rd version was composed of 10 new songs which have never seen the light of day. The 2rd version was a water down pop version without all the religious observations.

However, I really drop the ball on **"Cocky"**. The whole 2rd side of that **"Cocky"** should never have been released. The public wasn't ready for my analysis. They loved the evangelical bullshit! **"Cocky"** was a totally anti-religious pro-occult statement. There were some very advanced occult notion in there that are about 75 years ahead of the public mindset. Both **"2000 AD, Warriors, and "Cocky"** were the result of my growing interests in the occult philosophy. At the time evangelical was all the political rage in America. **Jerry Lamon Falwell Sr.** was an American Southern Baptist pastor, televangelist, and conservative activist. By 1974, the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) moved to revoke the tax-exempt status of Bob Jones University, which forbade interracial dating (blacks had been denied entry until 1971). The decisions infuriated Falwell. *"In some states it's easier to open a massage parlor than to open a Christian school"*, Falwell complained. Old Jerry would beg his viewers for money so as to promote his false religions agenda. I included his pathetic *"Faith Partners"* appeal and tried to show people he was using god to enrich his family and brain wash his followers. Jesus never begged for money. He never brainwashed his students. He never had a business. Also, I read a statement by the **Roman Catholic Church** on interfaith communion. They talked about unconditional love but refuse to share communion with other religions. It was during this time that the separation between church and state completely broke down. The religious community wanted taxpayer money to fund their propaganda schools. These Christian school were *"Born Again Factories"* who were destine to take political control of the Supreme Court and American Congress. They used the vote to fund their brainwashing agenda. I had little respect for the likes of **Jim Bakker** and **Jimmy Swaggart** who jumped on Falwell's bandwagon and milked it hard. For some strange and sad ass reason; I wasn't sad to hear of **Rush Hudson Limbaugh III** recent passing. On the contrary, I felt like partying with my boys. *"Ding-dong, the witch is dead! Which old witch? The wicked witch!"* It's hard dealing with the spiritually ignorant who seek to force you to march to their drum beat.

At the time I was not focused on my own songs. **V-3** was getting the best of my effort 100% of the time. Moreover, I was in a rush to get radio play and as a result the song flow suffered. Many other exciting things were exploding around me at that time. That January of 1987 **The Gibson Brothers** started doing lots of shows. This resulted in **"Okra Records"** label being launched. The band consisted of **Dan Dow**/guitar, **Jeff Evans**/guitar/vocals, **Don Holland**/guitar/vocal and **Ellen Hoover**/drums. **Mike Rep** had just put out their cassette and a lot of people were talking about their rockabilly music. Rep also release two other major projects: *Jagged Flash* by **Jim Shepard** and *Blind Boy In The Back Seat* by **Ron House**. Both were *"milestones"* in my book. The scene was exciting that January. **Dave Troutner** and **Bob Nerone** of the **Razor Penguins** also had released a 7" called *"The Math Professor"*; and **Great Plains** released a 7" called *"Dick Clark"*. Finally, **Tommy Jay's** released *"Tom's Tall Tales of Trauma"* on Mike Rep's **No Age Label**. It was probably the best Lo-Fi release of 1987. And against this backdrop **V3** was quietly developing it stage show. This began a 4 year cycle of monthly gigs; and eventually led me to the stage of CBGB's and a west coast tour with **Guided By Voices** years later.

Another project from late 1986 was **"Captain Moonbeam and the Sex Biscuits"**. It had 4 songs co-written by **Chris The Anarchist** and myself. Of special note the song *"Motherhood"*. It was a dark tale of hillbilly lust and murder. 40 years later it became a stage stander for live Jayfish shows. Unfortunately, the 4 track masters are lost and only a few rare copies were

distributed at the time. In 1987 there was little interest in my solo work outside of V3. And by February of 1987 Mike Rep had open up P.O.B. 186 Harrisburg Ohio for **No Age Records**. From it a long series of LP vinyl would emerge over the years. **Mike Rep** has a special set of ears that puts him way beyond his peers. **Jim Shepard** was the only one who could give Rep game on that score. Those two always seemed to sense what way the herd was heading in music and I benefited greatly from their influence. Jim had released his **"17 Configurations"** cassette the year before and a lot of people were wowed by the effort. That opened a few doors for Jim's music and I was proud to have been a part of it. However that March of 1987 an evil omen came across my desk. I heard that Vickey had married her recently widowed lawyer- Gale King. I guess a lot of lawyers marry their clients so it didn't seem like no big deal until a few months later when they start pulling legal bullshit on me. I just didn't pay it no mind and when about my business. That April of 1987 the Tet News letter #17 had a review of my **2000 AD** tape. I was a little surprised by Tim's endorsement. I didn't think the project stood up that well but Tim was supportive so I just rolled with it. Then finally **Curt Schieber** and his **No Other Records** label released **Scrawl's "Plus, Also, Too"** LP which got rave reviews. It was their 1st record an they began to tour a lot on the strength of it.

On **June 28th** at 4 PM **V-3** played the *Community Festival at Gooddale Park* in the Short North District. Kurt Tuckerman did the sound for us. Other bands on the bill were: **Willie Phoenix, Scrawl, Great Plains, Doubting Thomas** and the **Gibson Brothers** to name a few. There was a *VHS Tape* recording of **V3** set but I've never seen it. I heard it was one of our best performances with Roxanne Newman but that isn't confirmed. Actually, V3 made it a point to record videos of all their live shows when Roxanne was still in the band. Some of it I've seen. Most of it passed to Jim's Estate after his death. There was a lot of top shelf performances by the band that has never seen the light of day. I should had demanded copies of all these V3 shows but I just wasn't paying attention. As far as I know **Rudy Crash n' Burn Smith** has copies of all these shows. But it is doubtful they will ever be made public. Then things took a turn for the worst.

As **July** of **1987** rolled around I received a court summons for a *"child support hearing"*. WTF? Vickey and King were demanding a big increase and because of a loophole between old and new rules, King wanted me to pay till my Tracy (daughter) was 27. WTF? I had been paying all along but now they sought to press their legal advantage. So I offer \$2000 (bank loan) in cash and a \$60 monthly increase till she was 21 but they laugh in my face. Then they told me Gale King was running for domestic court judge as a democrat. These were the same group of judges who would decide my case. WTF? The implication was clear. Gale King wanted to butt fuck me hard! Rip out my bummy hole if he could! (*Loins and tigers and bears; oh my!*) I would have to give up music. I would have to work two jobs or a 60 hour week and move back in with my mother just to meet their unreasonable demands. Even if I did that I'd still not have any money to pay for my two other children with Kathy. Talk about a rock and a hard spot. But their was one defense King had not thought of. If I quit my job and had no income I would get free health care, room, board and food in jail. The whole child support scheme depended on my county printing job. If I was living in jail the court would have to pay to support me! Child support judges don't like that kind of shit. It doesn't look good on their resume at election time. However, my son and daughter by my second wife would suffer. She was doing really well financially. Her dad had left a small fortune. At first Kathy supported the idea but after about 2 years of no child support she was losing her patience with me. I went through about 4 lawyers before I found one who would stand up to Gale King. Gale had lost the election by that time. Judges are a very picky lot when it comes to their own. King was an embarrassment to the Columbus Bar. After his 1988 defeat he lost steam. He divorced the holy shit out of Vicky who had two children with him by then. Next he got custody and she had to pay him. WTF? He finally settled with me in 1991. But that **October** of **1987** I had to move into my Mom's attic on 4th ave. I had no job, car or apartment but somehow I was able to fight back. When I started college at Columbus State in **1989** King saw the hand writing on the wall and eventually gave in and accepted my government retirement fund which was about \$3000 cash.

The legal situation was unnecessary. I was more than willing to work with him. But his legal ego was out for blood. This may have been due to the fact that his dieing wife was wealthy. She may

have been 20 years his senior and a former client too. I'm not sure. Maybe his peers thought he had married her for her money? It certainly looked that way to others. Maybe he felt guilty about fucking Vicky the last few years of his terminally ill wife's life. So to prove to the world that money is more important than morals King had to crush me like a grape. Who knows? But in the end before he died we broke bread. I forgave him. He was sorry for all the pain he caused my kids. He was getting ready to meet his maker and wanted to clear his slate. He even tried to patch things up with my daughter but she wanted no part of it. This was years later after his divorce from Vicky.

So began the cycle of going without basic human needs. If it wasn't for the monthly gig money from V3 and my Mother's support I wouldn't have made it. Someone had blackballed my employability. No matter how I tried I couldn't get a job. And even if I did get another full time job Gale King would just garnish my wages. So what was the point? I took to the temporary employment agencies and job surfed to get by. Mostly 1 or 2 day gigs. I cleaned office buildings at night. I empty office trash, mopped floors and disinfected rest rooms. It was the kind of work nobody wanted to do. Then that November Pollution Control ceased and I lost my cassette distribution. That didn't matter too much because I couldn't even afford to buy strings or blank tape anymore. King had tried to force me to sell my musical equipment to pay for support but I ducked that move. And so as I headed into **1988** everything looking pretty bleak. The only bright spot was V3 which was doing pretty good. As New Years rolled around **Staches** had a new owner call Pete. He didn't speak English very well but wanted V3 to headline the *December 31st New Years Eve* party with a few other bands. When we got to the bar I was amazed to discover about 200 baloney and cheese sandwiches on the table by the side wall. He had set them out around noon time so by 11 PM all those nasty little fuckers were as hard as a rock. V3 laughed our asses off. Not one of those bad puppies got digested. Back then our fans came to our shows to drink or get laid. There is a live V3 recording of Pete trying to remember the song "*auld lang syne*". The band was rolling on the floor from laughter. Pete was a sight to behold! In the *Tet* January 1st issue the rock critic **Baboon Dooley** set the tone for the rest of **1988**. I was not part of the economic system or the middle class values America shamelessly promoted. V3 had nothing but disdain for that. And there was no interest in getting a manager or booking agent for the band. Jim and Roxanne were doing fine without it. Jim liked to keep the rest of us in the dark about our business affairs. Roxanne would sometime help out but mostly it was Jim's show. Jim and I had recorded a song called "**Trench-coat**" for the cow town fanzine **Test Tube**. By that time I had adopted a black trench-coat for my public image. Jim asked me to do something really weird on guitar so I came up with this lead guitar part that seemed to fit. *Test Tube* was a cassettezine run by **Tracy Hunker** I think. The song is on **Test Tube "F"** issue which featured other cow town bands. There was a small mention of the song in the **Tet Newsletter January 29th 1988** issue.

About this time my mother decided that I needed some "*religious training*" with her family priest "**Father Healy**". Maybe she thought that all that psychic training I was getting was fucking up my head. So to make her happy I went to meet with him in his office. Mom made me give him a 5th of whiskey because he liked to drink. WTF? Of course Jim loved the idea and used the "*Whiskey Priest*" concept in his art. Jimbo was always shopping me for ideas. When I handed the sealed bottle to the priest he lit up like a fucking Christmas Tree. Oh shit! Maybe it was because he was Irish? Legend has it that God made whiskey so the Irish wouldn't rule the world. He was definitely a real happy shit. He told me I would only need this religious instruction once in the Catholic faith. Works for me! That Sunday I went to church just to remind myself of my long abandoned unpleasant childhood. I had spent the 3rd, 4th and 5th grades at St. Francis. So I fired up a killer joint of weed and sat in the last row where all the recovering Catholics sat. For me it was a one off deal. When I got to church I discovered the whole mass was in Korean. WTF? The St. Francis Church at 386 Buttles Ave, (Columbus, OH 43215) was then all Korean. Unfortunately, Father Healy saw me hiding out in the last row and asked me to read a passage out of the bible. So there I am, stone out of my brain reading in English to a bunch of "Brainwashed Koreans" who did understand a fucking lick of English! WTF? Get me off this planet! Lucky for me I had a translator next to me by the Mic. As I look out I could see their faces glow with the holy spirit. That is when it hit me. It did matter how stone I was. They were there to worship God. Me being stone out of my gourd had nothing to do with their experience. Then the pendulum swings to left. A few weeks later at Dick Den (Bar) I ran into this out of control WICCA dude who was using

hand hypnosis on a group of drunk OSU students. He was forcing them all to obey his will. This is a "No No" in occult circles. He invited me to their table and started in on me with his hypnotic hand movements. But Betty Rider had trained me well. I focused my eyes on his 3rd eye and sent him massive amounts of white light and unconditional love. After about a minuet he broke off his attack and said he had a terrible headache. Then he got up and walked out the door a little pissed off because he had been closed down. So I told those students not to play around with forces they didn't understand and if they were truly interested in the powers of the soul then ask god to send them a teacher. People who are on the verge of flowering psychically need a adapt teacher to show them safely how to control these forces of nature. Otherwise they will spend many lifetimes working off the bad karma. And beware, there are good occult teachers and there are bad occult teachers. Know the good tree by the fruit it bears. Also know that the tallest trees attract the greatest amount of stones but bear the best fruit.

That **April of 1988** my sister had got me a 6 week gig working in the **City Hall** mail room for a hospitalized worker. She had worked with mayor **Buck Rhinehart** and he owned her a few favors. I didn't get any money due to my child support problems. But the work was a breath of fresh air. I never realized how much I needed the 8 to 5 grind. My boss was a democrat union steward who hated Rhinehart's guts. By association, he resented me. But I was just passing through and was trying to help my kids. I kept my shit on the down low but around the 4th week I stated to blister from the massive amounts of rubber bands (latex) I was using. I tried to hide it from the Steward but he found out and fired me. I sent the money to Kathy and by the time King found out it was too late. On the music scene **Mike Rep** had two project going: **The Darby Creek Drifters** and **The Campfire Walkers**. He did a live TV appearance promoting the folk direction he was involved with at the time. Also, **Ron House** and **Great Plains**, along with **Scrawl** and **The Gibson Brothers** where doing lots of shows when they were in town. **V3** was not doing as many shows however, our concerts were attracting more painters and poets and less musicians than the normal beer drinking crowd. And as always **The Screaming Urge** were playing everywhere all the time. They always let me in for free and **Mike Ravage** and **Mike Rock** always put me on the bar tap for a few beers. Moreover, add to this the fact, around this time that my friends **Arlus Stitch** and **Max Flash** were doing outrageous punk shows. Arlus always put me on the bar tab so I didn't really need money for beer or the cover charge. **Arlus Stitch** had introduced me to **Hippy Dave/Dave Immel (E44)** who at the time was studying violin but later switched to lead guitar. Hippy would sell wood cravings and beads. His work provide him a side income to his house painter job. I remember Jim Shepard relating to me the story of **Arlus** stuffing potato salad into her pussy and asking this guy to eat her out! A highly creative use of potato salad I thought!



When **Schoolkids Records** closed in May of 1988 **UsedKids Records** took over with Dan Dow (**Gibson Brothers**) and Ron House (**Great Plains**) at the helm. I felt the winds of change blow once again. I was still doing recording sessions with **Tommy Jay**, **V3**, **Mike Rep** and **Arlus Stitch** but my legal troubles were weighing me down. That is when I heard that **Scrawl** had sign with Rough Trade. It was a sign of hope. Also around this time Jim Shepard and Eric the Swed began a exchanged of letter tapes that ended up becoming the "**Blind Dates**" project. **Doktor Liborius/Snooks/Eric The Swed** (Eric Svensson) had been a pen pal since my Nashville days. He was just as weird as Shepard and I. He sent me a wonderful LP of his new band that played traditional rock n' roll music from the 1950s. The record was called "**Lost Like A Pinball**" and had limited distribution in France and Sweden. At the time **Liborius** was working on the European space program for the Motorola Corp. He went on to release other projects: *Guitar66 / Angelica* (single, 1982) *Guitar66 / Lost Like a Pinball* (LP, 1983) *Guitar66 / Live at the Birdhouse* (Cassette, 1984) *Snooks / Bubo Bubo* (Contribution to *Testube Cassettezine*, 1986) *Guitar66 / Stormy Years* (LP, 1986) *Guitar66 / Stand By Me* (single, 1987) *Snooks / Treena's Strobe Light Party* (on *Picking Through the Wreckage with a Stick*, 1994) *Doktor Liborius / Moisture* (Contribution to the "*FESTER*" Residents tribute CD, 2000) *All a Wash / Scenic Hell* (CD, 2000) *Snooks / Unfinished Business + By Land and By Sea* (Double CD, 2000) *Doktor Liborius / Shrivel Up* (Contribution to the "*Spudsuckers*" DEVO tribute CD) 2001. Eric's shenanigans brought me a lot of joy during this dark cycle in my life. Him and Shepard did some truly amazing work. Sadly, Most of it has never seen the light of day.

So for the next 3 years Arlus and I got busy and would recorded in my Mom's attic. I ended up releasing a CD of these sessions called **"A Mouth Full Of Cheesecake"** along with a booklet, **"The Arlus Stitch Story"** in 1998. Finally that fall of 1988 I released my **"Shitty Hits" Volume -1-** cassette which was a collection of out takes that had been laying around since 1985. To top off the year **Rep** and **Shepard** wrote an article for **Forced Exposure** that sent shock waves through the cowtown scene. After that V3 started to get some national attention.

The Vertical Slit single that came out of Columbus at the turn of the decade was one of those ass-flat chunks of noise that make yr whistle spin like a trowel. It was the equal of the Fuckin' Flyin' A-Heads' "Swiss Cheese Back", Mike Rep & the Quotas' "Rocket To Nowhere" and those other slabs of unprecedented/unexpected grunge greatness that make life worth living. Other Slit-related recordings have been released (or come to light) in the intervening yrs, but it's never been abundantly clear what the connection was between 'em all. Right now seems like as good a time as any to spew out some much-needed info on V-Slit and its major domo, Jim Shepard. Open wide.

ASSAULTED BY A BLOODY LAVA LAMP:

THE HISTORY OF VERTICAL SLIT AND ALL WHO SAILED WITH

BY BUCK CANCER AND SRI CHIMNEY

In order to cut through the slag heap that surrounds the subject of this piece, what follows is a sort of year-by-year chronology of the bands, vinyl, novelettes, cassettes, collaborations, and visions of a man who lives in Columbus, Ohio: Mr. Jim Shepard. His first band, the smolderin' riff wingin' Vertical Slit recorded some 200 or more tracks and offered what was probably the best brand of three-piece prog-sludge have come out of the midwest. In terms of lyricism, fretboard whore-dom and a Seventies-meets-Nineties approach, they knew no equal.

The early stuff, (pre-Vertical Slit) began in '74, and represents the tip of a horrible iceberg that eventually came to contain a half million written words and three more bands of horrific proportions. And whether these bands were squeezing out ambient soup, a full blown wall of noise with violins, xylophones, accordions, or spoken word pieces, the recording decks were always spinnin'.

At one point, a crit called Jim Shepard a "punk Robert Frost" but, nearly a decade later, with the release of his new cassette *Jagged Flesh*, the closest comparison may be to Chris Cutler, Robert Wyatt and Joe Copernicus fronting that smoldering wall of mud that made V-Slit such a fuckin' monster. But why make comparisons? Of the noise Jim's produced over a period of twelve or thirteen years, not much sounds like somethin' else...least not directly.

DATELINE: 1975 -- Pinellas County, Florida

...motor-psycho nightmare...three days comatose...fifty-one days in hospital...two months home. Next thing ya know, one dazed shell of a recluse in a wheelchair is recordin' w/ a two-track radio shack deck. Soon he moves to the big city and an isolated recording set-up that most likely wouldn'ta happened 'cept for the ole boy hittin' the side of a car and goin' THROUGH the windshield. His wallet is later found under the front seat of the car.

DATELINE: Columbus, Ohio mid-76

In a three story apartment building, a band is sweatin' through some seethin' jam sessions, producing originals aurally induced via early Seventies import bins. There's the sound of machinery and pictures vibrating

FORCED EXPOSURE #13



JIM SHEPARD

PHOTO: KEVIN TATE

off the walls as the apartment manager pounds on a dead-bolted door for an hour. A few days later, tape loops are spinnin', three guys are shakin' coffee cans full of ball bearings and swingin' steel chains as bassist Dan Juranko sits in the corner w/ his fretless bass hittin' harmonics and inserting subliminal bass lines. A few days later he and guitarist Shepard run a recording mike into the bathroom. The tiled walls act as a natural reverb unit while they record passive, unamplified guitar and bass pieces.

All three, including drummer David Mikula, had moved north to Columbus from Clearwater, Florida where their experiments had originally begun in Jim's bedroom. No, not in the sack, you sick fucks, rather, with

the aid of a Silvertone surf/hurricane/wah/siren pedal, a crank phone call to an old lady, and some instrumental duo stuff.

These beginnings turned up on an LP entitled *Slit and Pre-Slit*, released in May '77 and filled with the aforementioned sounds. There was the phone call, the bathroom tracks, sirens, a basement version of their first original, "In-No-Sense", (featuring a fifteen-year old girl yelping as it starts), an odd cover of Lou's "The Bed", warehouse/livin' room/basement slit using stuff like "accelerated percussion" and seven primitive dubs on a two-track. The LP was pressed at a local studio where an old veteran wax cutter almost had a nervous breakdown, wankerin' to Jim in the listenin' room, "Oh...these kinds of records...maybe I should just retire..."

One hundred LP's were pressed and the record debuted at Saint Anne's, a local psycho ward. "We picked up two boxes of the LP's and went to visit a girlfriend who wuz stayin' there due to a detour en route to the salad bar," recalls Jim. They popped a box open and threw a copy onto the cheap hi-fi in the hospital's day room. The ecoplex cuts through extended acid-drenched jams while sirens blare and Jim sings, "This is the place/Where she cut her wrists/And I said oh oh oh/What a feeling." Patients were standin' around with their mouths hangin' open, and one named Stacey (who claimed to be the son of Brian Eno and the "thin white duke") just sat there goin' "yeeeahh".

DATELINE: 1978...79...80

By the time '78 rears its stupid head, another vast stack of reel-to-reel tapes have piled on The hard recording set.

VERTICAL SLIT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

scheme o' things. It's the beginning of an OLD AGE.

Jim's newest release *Jagged Flesh* not only features some fifteen or more musicians and more than a decade of tracks (yes, there's the exploding cigar, some ensemble shit that'll make ya reach for yer reverb liniment as the shithouse gets blown to bits, the spoken "Treene's Strobe Light Party", a few Snooks cuts and virtually too much of a car chase for most "sheltered life" types, weaned on 4AD and dancing). Play it back to back with *Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard* and Kim Fowley and you'll feel like cuttin' one of yer feet off. If the sun's slicin' thru yer window and yer sick of devil dogs and waitin' for the next big thing, don't think it's gonna jump out of a record bin at ya -- it's probably sittin' in the vaults of a mad beat-man whose waitin' to "communicate" wif ya. He encourages all to write, whether you run a record company, sing thru a megaphone, pose for bondage shots, or yer on the coast and yer life is a mess. Drop him a line, he's got the goods, the words, and one of the finest catalogs of musique since ESP signed off.

The new band V3 consists of Jim Shepard, Roxanne, Nudge Squidfish, and Rudy Kasualty. They're one hot combo that creates its own wall of horrid metal and is now layin' down tracks for a rec. Saw 'em do a mud slingin' mind fuck set when they opened for Crime and City Solution, but the best night was when they played with this folk singer named Mel Zalinski who spontaneously combusted during his final chorus on "Ring of Fire". All that was left was a pile of clothes, a bottleneck slide and some grey smoldering ashes. Now that was a show to remember.●

for David Thomas & the Pedestrians courtesy of No Other productions. Jim told 'em "yeah, we'll do it". The show was eleven days later and the band was formed from scratch w/ Roxanne and ten string stick bassist Ray Bellani. They had four or five songs after a few practices. Enter Tommy J. on drums, Amrep on accordion, viola, and xylophone. Three or four more new tunes were worked up as well as a cover of "Venus In Furs". The show comes off without a hitch. Thomas and Peds were in top form, as were Skullbank w/ some sort of two-voice-ostich-guitar-medieval-cum-screach-viola-indian-drum-pulse beat-stigmata. The following month they did a show w/ Two Men and 95 Streetwaves featuring a buncha new tunes, all of which are compiled on the *Aural Phrenology* cassette. But it wasn't long before the winds of change blow the band into a tidepool. Which was a shame cuz their cool-Blowfly-in-a-suit-of-armor-cum-Fairport-meets-Henry-Cow-in-the-metal-room was worth plenty. Just look into the midwestern sky and try to remember when ya last got a glimpse of sumthin' as "live" and REAL as Ubu's 360 Degrees LP. Just relax...everything's okay.

"Adolph and Eva", "Scars", "Disconnect", "Babylon Film Set", "Photograph Burns", "Interiors", "It's too Late" are all new tunes Jim's penned. They're all solo and his route for the next year ended up bein' solo shows that comingled a-gressor gtr/vox booms and those unexpected Swedish backing tapes. Still, when he did those tunes where every fucking word and quiet elec. guitar filled the club, it was a simple one-man "make it/break it" scene.

The date that resolved the viability of solo

performance to Jim was a Friday night w/ John Cale at Stache's. John flew into town, did the two shows, and shot back to NYC. He walked into the small, half filled club w/ a guitar and piano on stage, opened w/ a cut of *Academy In Peril*, then ran thru a reflective catalog of tunes including a rousing "Waiting for the Man" and "Fear" -- screaming the fucking words.

Shepard's opening set consisted of a Snooks number, and most of the above mentioned solo material. Then he brought up Amrep on accordion and Ray on stick bass. "Disconnect" and the epic "Babylon Film Set" finished up a set that was executed like clockwork and it was all a fuckin' appetizer for Cale's moving set. What a night.

Sometime in '85, the "cassette only" label OLD AGE/NO AGE was formed from the ashes of NEW AGE, the label Amrep formed in '77, which had spawned rees by Screaming Urge, the Jet Boys, Squidfish and Great Plains...

Old Age is designed to produce high quality forty-six minute tapes with full color, in-depth packages. And, by god, they don't pop, click, warp or skip. Old Age 003 is Vertical Slit's *Under the Blood Red Lava Lamp*. So, what "was" ends up being "what will be", and further releases are available from Amrep, Squidfish, Mike Rep and the Quotas, Ron House, the Gibson Brothers, Tommy Jay, and Jim Shepard -- a lot of the best of the local scene, hand-packaged one-by-one, w/ color photo covers, and without the whole backer/royalty check/"we didn't make a dime off that European pressing" bullshit

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VERTICAL SLIT/ JIM SHEPARD/ DISCOGRAPHY

VERTICAL SLIT:

- SLIT AND PRE-SLIT LP (red label)
- THE 1978 ART DATA SAMPLER 7" EP (white label)
- URBAN IMPRINT 3 7" EP (magenta label)
- VERTICAL SLIT LIVE 7" EP (New Age)
- UNDER THE BLOOD RED LAVA LAMP cass (Old Age)
- BASEMENT 2215 cass (Iron Press)
- TRANS-PIGMENTATIONAL SLIT video (David Kerr)
- LIVE AT BOB'S video (Charles Miller)

PHANTOM LIMB:

- ADMISSION OF GUILT flexi (Limbo Party)

SKULLBANK:

- AURAL PHRENOLOGY cass (Iron Press)
- "Broken Clock" on TESTTUBE CASSETTE-ZINE C (Testtube)

JIM SHEPARD:

- DRAPEZ/17 CONFIGURATIONS cass (Iron Press)
- COLLISIONS cass (Iron Press)
- JAGGED FLESH cass (Old Age)
- "Trench Coat" on TESTTUBE CASSETTE-ZINE F (Testtube)

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